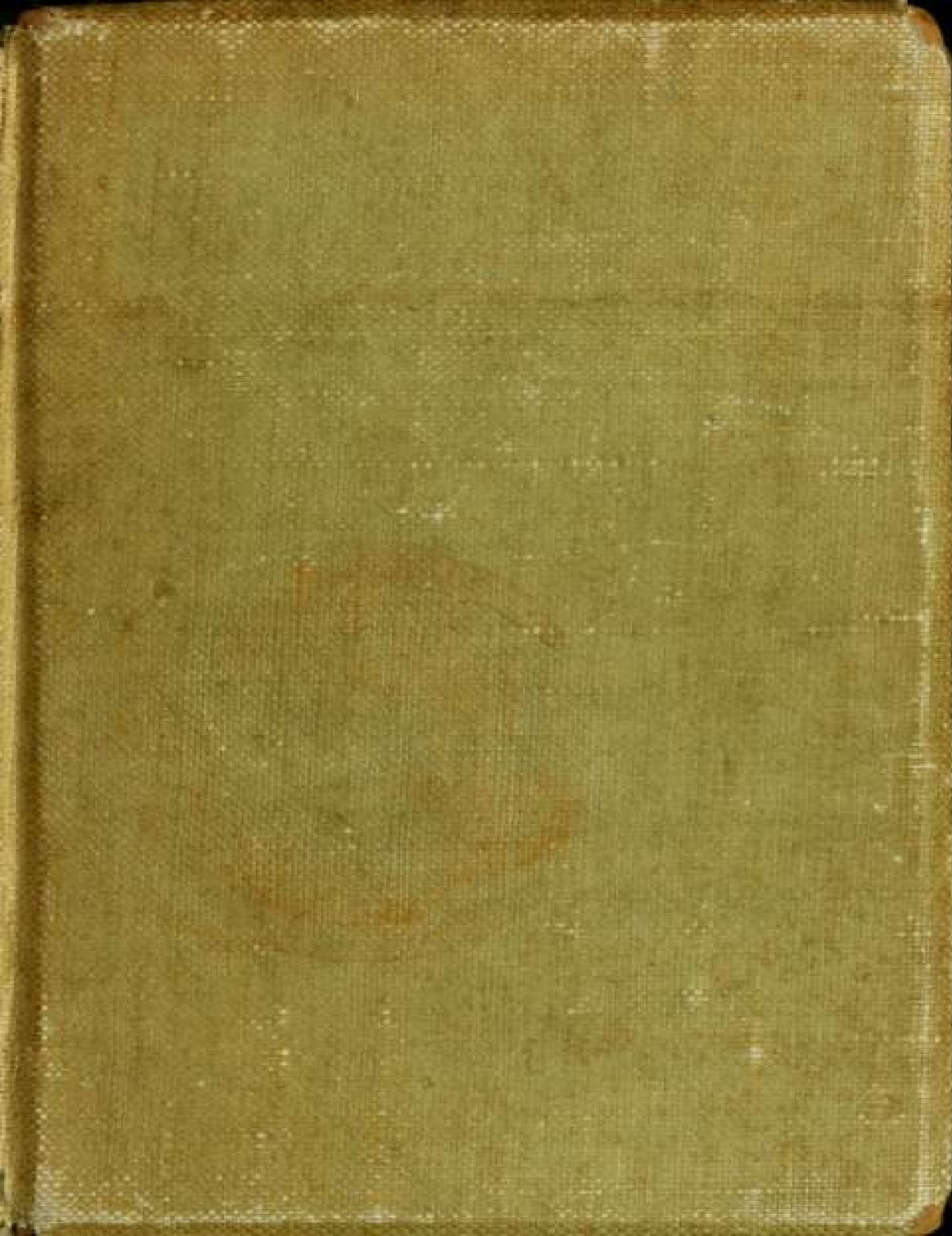




PAGE

A RIVER SCENE 4^

RIVER SONG 49

SOME TUMULTUOUS LITTLE RILL 50

BOAT SONG 51

TO MY BROTHER \$2

STANZAS 56

THE INWARD MORNING 58

GREECE 61

THE FUNERAL BELL 62

THE SUMMER RAIN 64

MIST 68

SMOKE 69

HAZE .70

THE MOON 71

THE VIREO 72

THE poet's delay TZ

LINES 74

[nature's CHILD 76

THE FALL OF THE LEAF ^^

SMOKE IN WINTER 82

PAGE

WINTER MEMORIES 84

STANZAS WRITTEN AT WALDEN86

THE THAW 89

JA WINTER SCENE 90

THE CROW 93

TO A STRAY FOWL 94

MOUNTAINS 96

THE RESPECTABLE FOLKS 103

POVERTY 105

CONSCIENCE 107

PILGRIMS 1 10

THE DEPARTURE 112

INDEPENDENCE 116

DING DONG 119

MY PRAYER 121

INTRODUCTION

The fifty poems here brought together under the title ^ Foems of Nature^ are perhaps two-thirds of those which Thoreau preserved. Many of them were printed by him, in whole or in part, among his early contributions to Emerson^s Dial, or in his otnv two volumes,

The Week and Walden, which were all that were issued in his lifetime. Others were given to Mr. Sanborn for publication, by Sophia Thoreau, the year after her brother's death (several appeared in the Boston Commonwealth in 1863); or have been furnished from time to time by Mr. Blake, his literary executor.

Most of Thoreau's poems were composed early in his life, before his twenty-sixth year. Just now he wrote in the autumn of 1841, 'I am in the mid-sea of verses, and they actually rustle round me, as the leaves would round the head of Autumnus himself, should he thrust it

up through some vales which I know; but alas ! many of them are but crisped and yellow leaves like his I fear and will deserve no better fate than to make mould for new harvests. After 1843 he seems to have written but few poems and had destroyed perhaps as many as he had retained because they did not meet the exacting requirements of his friend Emerson upon whose opinion at that time he placed great reliance. This loss was regretted by Thoreau in after years when the poetical habit had left him for he fancied that some of the verses were better than his friend had supposed. But Emerson who seldom changed his mind, adhered to his verdict, and while praising some of the poems highly, perhaps extravagantly, would admit but a small number of them to the slight selection which he appended to the posthumous edition of Thoreau's Letters, edited by him in 1865; and even these were printed, in some instances, in an abbreviated and imperfect form} A few other poems

In the present selection a return has been made, wherever possible, from the emendations introduced by Thoreau's editors to the original text.

with some translations from the Greeks have lately been included by Thoreau's Boston publishers in their volume (Miscellanies {vol. x. of the Riverside Edition, 1894). But no collection so full as the present one has ever been offered to the public.

It has not been attempted to make this a complete collection of Thoreau's poems because, as has been well said, * many of them

seem to be merely pendants to his prose discourse, dropped in as forcible epigrams where they are brief, and in other instances made ancillary to the idea just expressed, or to perpetuate a distinct conception that has some vital connection with the point from which it was poured forth. It is, therefore, almost an injustice to treat them separately at all. ^ ^ After the discontinuance ^The Dial, Thoreau ceased to publish his verses as separate poems, but interpolated them, in the manner described, in his prose essays, where they form a sort of accompaniment to the thought, and from which it is in many cases impossible to detach them. That he

1 Article on ' The Poetry of Thoreau,' by Joel Benton. Lippin-CQtt's Magazine, 1886,

himself set some value on them in this connection may be gathered from a sentence in the last of his published letters^ in which he writes to a correspondent: '/ am pleased when you say that in The Week you like especially those little snatches of poetry interspersed through the book^ for these I suppose are the least attractive to most readers.^

Everything that concerns a great writer has its special interest; and Thoreau's poetry^ whatever its intrinsic value may be, is full of personal significance ; in fact, as Emerson remarked, ^his biography is in his verses* Thus, many of these poems will be found to throw light on certain passages of his life, * Inspiration^ for example, is the record of his soul's awakening to the new impulse of transcendentalism; the stanzas on '•Sympathy*' perhaps contain in a thinly disguised form the story of his youthful love, and the sacrifice which he imposed on himself to avoid rivalry with his brother; the lines ^ To my Brother* refer to the sudden and tragic death of John Thoreau in 1842 / and ' The Departure ' is believed to be the poem in which Henry Thoreau, when leaving in

1843 the home of Emerson^ where he had lived for two years^ took farewell of his friends. The numerous other allusions to the life and scenery of Concord^ with which Thoreau's own life was so closely blended, require no comment or explanation.

Thoreau's view of the poetic character as stated by him in The Week, is illustrative of his own position. A true poem, he would say, is not a felicitous expression, or any thought it suggests, as by the atmosphere which surrounds it. There are two classes of men called poets. The one cultivates life, the other art: one seeks food for nutriment, the other for flavor; one satisfies hunger, the other gratifies the palate. There can be no doubt to which of these classes Thoreau himself belongs. If metrical skill be insisted on as an indispensable condition of poetry, he can hardly be ranked among the poets; nor, where this criterion was dominant, was it surprising that, as one of his contemporaries tells us with reference to his verses in The Dial, an unquenchable laughter, like that of the gods at Vulcan's John Weiss, in the Christian Examiner 1865.

limpings we tip over his ragged and halting lines. But in the appreciation of poetry there is a good deal more to be considered than this; and as the same writer has remarked there is 'a frank and unpretending plainness' in many of Thoreau's verses distinguished as they are, at their best, by their ripe fulness of thought, quiet gravity of tone, and epigrammatic terseness of expression. The title of poet could hardly be withheld from the author of such truly powerful pieces as 'The Fall of the Leaf' 'Winter Memories' 'Smoke in Winter' or 'Inspiration.'

Nor should it be forgotten that Thoreau was always regarded as a poet by those who were associated with him.

* Poet-Naturalist was the suggestive title which Ellery Channing applied to him; and Hawthorne remarked that

* his thoughts seem to measure and attune themselves into spontaneous verse, as they rightfully may, since there is real poetry in them. Even Emerson's final estimate was far from unappreciative. His poetry, he wrote in his biographical sketch, might be bad or good; he no doubt wanted a lyric facility and technical skill, but he

had the source of poetry in his spiritual perception. His own verses are often rude and defective. The gold does not yet run pure — is drossy and crude. The thyme and marjoram are not yet honey. But if he want lyric fineness and technical finish, if he have not the poetic temperance, he never lacks the causal thought, showing that his genius was better than his talent.

Perhaps what Thoreau said of Quarks, one of that school of gnomic poets of which he was a student, might be aptly applied to himself: 'It is rare to find one who was so much of a poet and so little of an artist. Hopelessly quaint, he never doubts his genius; it is only he and his God in all the world. He uses language sometimes as greatly as Shakespeare; and though there is not much straight grain in him, there is plenty of rough, crooked timber.' The affinity of Thoreau's style to that of Herbert, Donne, Cowley, and other minor Elizabethans, has often been remarked; and it has been truly said that the stanzas 'Sic Vita' might almost have a niche in Herbert's Temple.

It must be granted, then, that Thoreau, whatever his

limitations, had the poet's vision, and sometimes the poet's divine faculty; and if this was manifested more frequently in his masterly prose it was neither absent from his verse nor from the whole tenor of his character. It was his destiny to be one of the greatest prose writers whom America has produced, and he had a strong, perhaps an exaggerated, sense of the dignity of this calling. 'Great prose,' he thinks, 'of equal elevation, commands our respect more than great verse, since it implies a more permanent and level height, a life more pervaded with the grandeur of the thought. The poet only makes an irruption, like a Goth, and is off again, shooting while he retreats; but the prose writer has conquered, like a Roman, and settled colonies.'

If therefore, we cannot unreservedly place Thoreau among the poetical brotherhood, we may at least recognise that he was a poet in the larger sense in which his friends so regarded him — he felt, thought, acted, and lived as a poet, though he did not always write as one. In his own words —

' My life has been the poem I would have writ, But I could not both
live and titter it, '

Such qualities dignify life mid 77iake the expression of it
memorable^ not perhaps immediately^ to the multitude of readers,
but at first to an appreciative few, and eventually to a wide ci^'cle of
matikind.

NATURE

O Nature ! I do not aspire To be the highest in thy quire,— To be a
meteor in the sky, Or comet that may range on high; Only a zephyr
that may blow Among the reeds by the river low ; Give me thy most
privy place Where to run my airy race.

In some withdrawn, unpublic mead

Let me sigh upon a reed,

Or in the woods, with leafy din.

Whisper the still evening in :

A

POEMS OF NATURE

Some still work give me to do,— Only—be it near to you !

For I 'd rather be thy child And pupil, in the forest wild. Than be the
king of men elsewhere. And most sovereign slave of care : To have
one moment of thy dawn. Than share the city's year forlorn.

INSPIRATION

Whate'er we leave to God, God does,

And blesses us ; The work we choose should be our own,

God leaves alone.

If with light head erect I sing,
Though all the Muses lend their force,
From my poor love of anything,
The verse is weak and shallow as its source.
But if with bended neck I grope
Listening behind me for my wit. With faith superior to hope,
More anxious to keep back than forward it;
Making my soul accomplice there Unto the flame my heart hath lit,
Then will the verse for ever wear—
Time cannot bend the line which God hath writ.
Always the general show of things Floats in review before my mind,
And such true love and reverence brings, That sometimes I forget
that I am blind.
But now there comes unsought, unseen,
Some clear divine electuary, And I, who had but sensual been,
Grow sensible, and as God is, am wary.
I hearing get, who had but ears, And sight, who had but eyes before,
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.
I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of sight, New earths and skies and seas
around,

And in my day the sun doth pale his light.

A clear and ancient harmony

Pierces my soul through all its din.

As through its utmost melody,—

Farther behind than they, farther within.

More swift its bolt than lightning is, Its voice than thunder is more loud,

It doth expand my privacies

To all, and leave me single in the crowd.

POEMS OF NATURE

It speaks with such authority,

With so serene and lofty tone, That idle Time runs gadding by,

And leaves me with Eternity alone.

Now chiefly is my natal hour, And only now my prime of life.

Of manhood's strength it is the flower,

'Tis peace's end and war's beginning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon, By a grey wall or some chance place,

Unseasoning Time, insulting June,

And vexing day with its presuming face.

Such fragrance round my couch it makes, More rich than are Arabian drugs,

That my soul scents its life and wakes The body up beneath its
perfumed rugs.

Such is the Muse, the heavenly maid, The star that guides our mortal
course.

Which shows where life's true kernel's laid, Its wheat's fine flour, and
its undying force.

She with one breath attunes the spheres,

And also my poor human heart. With one impulse propels the years

Around, and gives my throbbing pulse its start.

I will not doubt for evermore, Nor falter from a steadfast faith,

For though the system be turned o'er,

God takes not back the word which once he saith.

I will not doubt the love untold

Which not my worth nor want has bought, Which wooed me young,
and woos me old,

And to this evening hath me brought.

My memory I 'll educate

To know the one historic truth, Remembering to the latest date

The only true and sole immortal youth.

Be but thy inspiration given.

No matter through what danger sought,

I 'll fathom hell or climb to heaven,

And yet esteem that cheap which love has bought.

Fame cannot tempt the bard Who's famous vi[^]ith his God,

Nor laurel him rev[^]ard Who has his Maker's nod.

SIC VITAI

It is but thin soil where we stand; I have felt my roots in a richer ere this. I have seen a bunch of violets in a glass vase, tied loosely with a straw, which reminded me of myself.'— The Week.

I AM a parcel of vain strivings tied

By a chance bond together, DangHng this way and that, their Hnks
Were made so loose and wide,

Methinks, For milder weather.

[^] This poem was written on a sheet of paper wrapped round a bunch of violets, tied loosely with a straw, and thrown into the window of a friend. It was read at Thoreau's funeral by his friend Bronson Alcott.
10

A bunch of violets without their roots,

And sorrel intermixed, Encircled by a wisp of straw Once coiled
about their shoots,

The law By which I 'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out

Those fair Elysian fields, With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
Doth make the rabble rout

That waste The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,

Drinking my juices up, With no root in the land

To keep my branches green,

But stand In a bare cup.

Some tender buds were left upon my stem

In mimicry of life, But ah! the children will not know, Till time has
withered them,

The woe With which they 're rife.

But now I see I was not plucked for nought,

And after in life's vase Of glass set while I might survive, But by a
kind hand brought

Alive To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours, And by another
year, Such as God knows, with freer air, More fruits and fairer
flowers

Will bear, While I droop here.

THE FISHER'S BOYi

My life is like a stroll upon the beach, As near the ocean's edge as I
can go;

My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach, Sometimes I stay to
let them overflow.

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care. To place my gains
beyond the reach of tides,

Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare, Which Ocean
kindly to my hand confides.

1 The above title, prefixed to these stanzas in Emerson's selection, is scarcely suited to so personal and characteristic a poem, 14

I have but few companions on the shore:

They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;

Yet oft I think the ocean they 've sailed o'er Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse, Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;

Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,

And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

THE ATLANTIDES

The Friend is some fair floating isle of palms eluding the mariner in Pacific Seas.'— The Week.

The smothered streams of love, which flow

More bright than Phlegethon, more low,

Island us ever, like the sea.

In an Atlantic mystery.

Our fabled shores none ever reach.

No mariner has found our beach,

Scarcely our mirage now is seen,

And neighboring waves with floating green,

Yet still the oldest charts contain

Some dotted outline of our main ;
In ancient times midsummer days
Unto the western islands' gaze,
To Tenerifife and the Azores,
Have shown our faint and cloud-like shores.

But sink not yet, ye desolate isles, Anon your coast with commerce
smiles, And richer freights ye '11 furnish far Than Africa or Malabar.
Be fair, be fertile evermore. Ye rumored but untrodden shore ;
Princes and monarchs will contend Who first unto your lands shall
send. And pawn the jewels of the crown To call your distant soil their
own.

Sea and land are but his neighbors,
And companions in his labors, B
Who on the ocean's verge and firm land's end
Doth long and truly seek his Friend.
Many men dwell far inland,
But he alone sits on the strand.
Whether he ponders men or books,
Always still he seaward looks,
Marine news he ever reads,
And the slightest glances heeds,
Feels the sea breeze on his cheek.
At each word the landsmen speak.

In every companion's eye
A sailing vessel doth descry ;
In the ocean's sullen roar
From some distant port he hears.
Of wrecks upon a distant shore,
And the ventures of past years.

THE AURORA OF GUIDO[^]

A FRAGMENT

The god of day his car rolls up the slopes, Reining his prancing steeds
with steady hand ;

The lingering moon through western shadows gropes, While
Morning sheds its light o'er sea and land.

Castles and cities by the sounding main Resound with all the busy
din of life ;

The fisherman unfurls his sails again ;

And the recruited warrior bides the strife.

[^] Suggested by the print of Guido's 'Aurora,' sent by Mrs. Carlyle as a
wedding gift to Mrs. Emerson.

The early breeze ruffles the poplar leaves ;

The curling waves reflect the unseen light; The slumbering sea with
the day's impulse heaves,

While o'er the western hill retires the drowsy night.

The seabirds dip their bills in Ocean's foam, Far circling out over the frothy waves,—

SYMPATHY!

Lately, alas ! I knew a gentle boy,

Whose features all were cast in Virtue's mould, As one she had designed for Beauty's toy,

But after manned him for her own stronghold.

On every side he open was as day.

That you might see no lack of strength within ; For walls and ports do only serve alway

For a pretence to feebleness and sin.

^ The explanation of this poem, given on Emerson's authority, but necessarily somewhat conjectural, is that a reference is made, under the character of the 'gentle boy,' to the girl with whom both Henry and John Thoreau were in love.

Say not that Caesar was victorious,

With toil and strife who stormed the House of Fame ; In other sense this youth was glorious,

Himself a kingdom wheresoe'er he came.

No strength went out to get him victory, When all was income of its own accord ;

For where he went none other was to see, But all were parcel of their noble lord.

He forayed like the subtle haze of summer, That stilly shows fresh landscapes to our eyes.

And revolutions works without a murmur, Or rustling of a leaf
beneath the skies.

So was I taken unawares by this,

I quite forgot my homage to confess ;

Yet now am forced to know, though hard it is, I might have loved
him, had I loved him less.

Each moment as we nearer drew to each, A stern respect withheld us
farther yet,

So that we seemed beyond each other's reach. And less acquainted
than when first we met.

We two were one while we did sympathise, So could we not the
simplest bargain drive;

And what avails it, now that we are wise, If absence doth this
doubleness contrive?

Eternity may not the chance repeat; But I must tread my single way
alone,

In sad remembrance that we once did meet, And know that bliss
irrevocably gone.

The spheres henceforth my elegy shall sing,

For elegy has other subject none ; Each strain of music in my ears
shall ring

Knell of departure from that other one.

Make haste and celebrate my tragedy;

With fitting strain resound, ye woods and fields ; Sorrow is dearer in
such case to me

Than all the joys other occasion yields.

Is't then too late the damage to repair?

Distance, forsooth, from my weak grasp has reft The empty husk,
and clutched the useless tare,

But in my hands the wheat and kernel left.

If I but love that virtue which he is,

Though it be scented in the morning air,

Still shall we be truest acquaintances,

Nor mortals know a sympathy more rare.

FRIENDSHIP

' Friends, Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers.'

Let such pure hate still underprop Our love, that we may be Each
other's conscience, And have our sympathy Mainly from thence.

We 'll one another treat like gods, And all the faith we have In virtue
and in truth, bestow On either, and suspicion leave To gods below.

Two solitary stars— Unmeasured systems far Between us roll;

But by our conscious light we are Determined to one pole.

What need confound the sphere ? —

Love can afford to wait;

For it no hour's too late

That witnesseth one duty's end,

Or to another doth beginning lend.

It will subserve no use, More than the tints of flowers ; Only the independent guest Frequents its bowers, Inherits its bequest.

No speech, though kind, has it; But kinder silence doles Unto its mates ; By night consoles. By day congratulates.

What saith the tongue to tongue ? What heareth ear of ear ? By the decrees of fate From year to year. Does it communicate.

Pathless the gulf of feeling yawns : No trivial bridge of words, Or arch of boldest span, Can leap the moat that girds The sincere man.

No show of bolts and bars Can keep the foeman out, Or 'scape his secret mine, Who entered with the doubt That drew the line.

No warder at the gate Can let the friendly in ; But, like the sun, o'er all He will the castle win, And shine along the wall.

There's nothing in the world I know That can escape from love. For every depth it goes below, And every height above.

It waits, as waits the sky Until the clouds go by, Yet shines serenely on With an eternal day, Alike when they are gone, And when they stay.

Implacable is Love,— Foes may be bought or teased From their hostile intent. But he goes unappeased Who is on kindness bent.

TRUE KINDNESS

True kindness is a pure divine affinity, Not founded upon human consanguinity. It is a spirit, not a blood relation, Superior to family and station.

TO THE MAIDEN IN THE EAST

Low in the eastern sky Is set thy glancing eye ; And though its gracious Hght Ne'er riseth to my sight, Yet every star that climbs Above the gnarled limbs

Of yonder hill, Conveys thy gentle will.

Believe I knew thy thought. And that the zephyrs brought

Thy kindest wishes through, As mine they bear to you ; That some
attentive cloud Did pause amid the crowd

Over my head, While gentle things were said.

Believe the thrushes sung,

And that the flower-bells rung,

That herbs exhaled their scent.

And beasts knew what was meant,

The trees a welcome waved.

And lakes their margins laved,

When thy free mind

To my retreat did wind. C

It was a summer eve, The air did gently heave While yet a low-hung
cloud Thy eastern skies did shroud ; The lightning's silent gleam,
Startling my drowsy dream.

Seemed like the flash Under thy dark eyelash.

From yonder comes the sun, But soon his course is run, Rising to
trivial day Along his dusty way ; But thy noontide completes Only
auroral heats, Nor ever sets. To hasten vain regrets.

Direct thy pensive eye Into the western sky ; And when the evening
star Does glimmer from afar Upon the mountain line, Accept it for a
sign

That I am near, And thinking of thee here.

I '11 be thy Mercury, Thou Cytherea to me, Distinguished by thy face
The earth shall learn my place; As near beneath thy light Will I
outwear the night.

With mingled ray Leading the westward way.

Still will I strive to be As if thou wert with me ; Whatever path I take,
It shall be for thy sake, Of gentle slope and wide. As thou wert by my
side.

Without a root To trip thy gentle foot.

I '11 walk with gentle pace. And choose the smoothest place. And
careful dip the oar, And shun the winding shore, And gently steer my
boat Where water-lilies float.

And cardinal flowers Stand in their sylvan bowers.

FREE LOVE

My love must be as free As is the eagle's wing,

Hovering o'er land and sea And everything.

I must not dim my eye

In thy saloon, I must not leave my sky

And nightly moon.

Be not the fowler's net Which stays my flight,

And craftily is set T' allure the sight.

But be the favoring gale That bears me on,

And still doth fill my sail When thou art gone.

I cannot leave my sky

For thy caprice, True love would soar as high
As heaven is.

The eagle would not brook Her mate thus won,
Who trained his eye to look Beneath the sun.

RUMORS FROM AN ^OLIAN HARP

There is a vale which none hath seen, Where foot of man has never
been, Such as here lives with toil and strife, An anxious and a sinful
life.

There every virtue has its birth, Ere it descends upon the earth. And
thither every deed returns. Which in the generous bosom burns.

There love is warm, and youth is young, And poetry is yet unsung.
For Virtue still adventures there. And freely breathes her native air.

And ever, if you hearken well, You still may hear its vesper bell. And
tread of high-souled men go by, Their thoughts conversing with the
sky.

Though all the Fates should prove unkind,
Leave not your native land behind.

The ship, becalmed, at length stands still;

The steed must rest beneath the hill;

But swiftly still our fortunes pace

To find us out in every place.

The vessel, though her masts be firm. Beneath her copper bears a
worm ; Around the Cape, across the Line, Till fields of ice her course
confine ; It matters not how smooth the breeze, How shallow or how
deep the seas,

Whether she bears Manilla twine,
 Or in her hold Madeira wine,
 Or China teas, or Spanish hides,
 In port or quarantine she rides ;
 Far from New England's blustering shore,
 New England's worm her hulk shall bore,
 And sink her in the Indian seas,—
 Twine, wine, and hides, and China teas.

STANZAS

' Before each van Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms From either end of
 Heaven the welkin burns.'

Away ! away! away ! away!

Ye have not kept your secret well, I will abide that other day,

Those other lands ye tell.

Has time no leisure left for these, The acts that ye rehearse ?

Is not eternity a lease

For better deeds than verse ?

'Tis sweet to hear of heroes dead, To know them still alive,

But sweeter if we earn their bread, And in us they survive.

Our life should feed the springs of fame

With a perennial wave, As ocean feeds the babbling founts
Which find in it their grave.

Ye skies drop gently round my breast,
And be my corslet blue. Ye earth receive my lance in rest,
My faithful charger you ;
Ye stars my spear-heads in the sky. My arrow-tips ye are ;
I see the routed foemen fly, My bright spears fixed are.

Give me an angel for a foe,
Fix now the place and time, And straight to meet him I will go
Above the starry chime.

And with our clashing bucklers' clang The heavenly spheres shall
ring,
While bright the northern lights shall hang Beside our tourneying.
And if she lose her champion true,
Tell Heaven not despair. For I will be her champion new,
Her fame I will repair.

A RIVER SCENE

The river swelleth more and more, Like some sweet influence
stealing o'er The passive town ; and for a while Each tussock makes a
tiny isle, Where, on some friendly Ararat, Resteth the weary water-
rat

No ripple shows Musketaquid,

Her very current e'en is hid,
As deepest souls do calmest rest,
When thoughts are swelling in the breast.

And she that in the summer's drought Doth make a rippling and a
rout, Sleeps from Nahshawtuck to the Cliff, Unruffled by a single
skiff. But by a thousand distant hills The louder roar a thousand rills,
And many a spring which now is dumb, And many a stream with
smothered hum, Doth swifter well and faster glide. Though buried
deep beneath the tide.

Our village shows a rural Venice, Its broad lagoons where yonder fen
is; As lovely as the Bay of Naples Yon placid cove amid the maples;
And in my neighbour's field of corn I recognise the Golden Horn.

Here Nature taught from year to year, When only red men came to
hear; Methinks 'twas in this school of art Venice and Naples learned
their part, But still their mistress, to my mind, Her young disciples
leaves behind.

RIVER SONG

Ply the oars ! away! away! In each dew-drop of the morning Lies the
promise of a day.

Rivers from the sunrise flow,

Springing with the dewy morn Voyageurs 'gainst time do row, Idle
noon nor sunset know, Ever even with the dawn.

Since that first ' Away ! away !'

Many a lengthy reach we 've rowed,

Still the sparrow on the spray

Hastes to usher in the day

With her simple-stanza'd ode. D

SOME TUMULTUOUS LITTLE RILL

Some tumultuous little rill,

Purling round its storied pebble,

Tinkling to the selfsame tune,

From September until June,

Which no drought doth e'er enfeeble.

Silent flows the parent stream,

And if rocks do lie below. Smothers with her waves the din, As it
were a youthful sin,

Just as still, and just as slow.

BOAT SONG

Thus, perchance, the Indian hunter, Many a lagging year ago.

Gliding o'er thy rippling waters, Lowly hummed a natural song.

Now the sun 's behind the willows, Now he gleams along the waves,

Faintly o'er the wearied billows Come the spirits of the braves.

TO MY BROTHER

Brother, where dost thou dwell ?

What sun shines for thee now ? Dost thou indeed fare well,

As we wished thee here below ?

What season didst thou find ?

'Twas winter here. Are not the Fates more kind
Than they appear ?

Is thy brow clear again As in thy youthful years ?

62

And was that ugly pain The summit of thy fears ?

Yet thou wast cheery still;

They could not quench thy fire ; Thou didst abide their will,

And then retire.

Where chiefly shall I look

To feel thy presence near ? Along the neighboring brook

May I thy voice still hear ?

Dost thou still haunt the brink

Of yonder river's tide ? And may I ever think

That thou art by my side ?

What bird wilt thou employ To bring me word of thee ?

For it would give them joy— 'Twould give them liberty—

To serve their former lord With wing and minstrelsy.

A sadder strain mixed with their song They Ve slower built their
nests ;

Since thou art gone Their lively labor rests.

Where is the finch, the thrush,

I used to hear ? Ah, they could well abide

The dying year.

Sd5

Now they no more return,

I hear them not; They have remained to mourn,

Or else forgot

STANZAS

Nature doth have her dawn each day,

But mine are far between ; Content, I cry, for, sooth to say,

Mine brightest are, I ween.

For when my sun doth deign to rise,

Though it be her noontide, Her fairest field in shadow Hes,

Nor can my light abide.

Sometimes I bask me in her day,

Conversing with my mate, But if we interchange one ray,

Forthwith her heats abate.

Through his discourse I climb and see

As from some eastern hill, A brighter morrow rise to me

Than lieth in her skill.

As 'twere two summer days in one,

Two Sundays come together, Our rays united make one sun.

With fairest summer weather.

THE INWARD MORNING

Packed in my mind lie all the clothes Which outward nature wears,
And in its fashion's hourly change It all things else repairs.

In vain I look for change abroad, And can no difference find,
Till some new ray of peace uncalled Illumes my inmost mind.

What is it gilds the trees and clouds. And paints the heavens so gay,
But yonder fast-abiding light With its unchanging ray ?

Lo, when the sun streams through the wood,
Upon a winter's morn, Where'er his silent beams intrude
The murky night is gone.

How could the patient pine have known The morning breeze would
come,

Or humble flowers anticipate The insect's noonday hum,—

Till the new light with morning cheer From far streamed through the
aisles,

And nimbly told the forest trees For many stretching miles ?

I 've heard within my inmost soul Such cheerful morning news,

In the horizon of my mind Have seen such orient hues,

As in the twilight of the dawn, When the first birds awake,

Are heard within some silent wood. Where they the small twigs
break.

Or in the eastern skies are seen. Before the sun appears.

The harbingers of summer heats Which from afar he bears.

GREECE

When life contracts into a vulgar span, And human nature tires to be
a man,

I thank the Gods for Greece,

That permanent realm of peace. For as the rising moon far in the
night Chequers the shade with her forerunning light, So in my
darkest hour my senses seem To catch from her Acropolis a gleam.

Greece, who am I that should remember thee,

Thy Marathon, and thy Thermopylae ?

Is my life vulgar, my fate mean.

Which on such golden memories can lean ?

y^

THE FUNERAL BELL

One more is gone Out of the busy throng

That tread these paths ; The church-bell tolls, Its sad knell rolls

To many hearths,

Flower-bells toll not, Their echoes roll not

Upon my ear ; There still perchance That gentle spirit haunts

A fragrant bier.

Low lies the pall, Lowly the mourners all

Their passage grope ; No sable hue Mars the serene blue
Of heaven's cope.

In distant dell

Faint sounds the funeral bell;

A heavenly chime; Some poet there Weaves the light-burthened air
Into sweet rhyme.

THE SUMMER RAIN

My books I 'd fain cast off, I cannot read,

'Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large

Down in the meadow, where is richer feed. And will not mind to hit
their proper targe.

Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,

Our Shakespeare's life were rich to live again. What Plutarch read,
that was not good nor true, Nor Shakespeare's books, unless his
books were men.

Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough, What care I for the
Greeks or for Troy town,

If juster battles are enacted now Between the ants upon this
hummock's crown ? "

Bid Homer wait till I the issue learn. If red or black the gods will
favor most,

Or yonder Ajax will the phalanx turn,

Struggling to heave some rock against the host.

Tell Shakespeare to attend some leisure hour, / / For now I 've
business with this drop of dew, "

And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower,— I '11 meet him
shortly when the sky is blue.

This bed of herdsgrass and wild oats was spread

Last year with nicer skill than monarchs use, E

A clover tuft is pillow for my head, And violets quite overtop my
shoes.

And now the cordial clouds have shut all in, And gently swells the
wind to say all's well;

The scattered drops are falling fast and thin. Some in the pool, some
in the flower-bell.

I am well drenched upon my bed of oats;

But see that globe come rolling down its stem, Now like a lonely
planet there it floats,

And now it sinks into my garment's hem.

Drip, drip the trees for all the country round. And richness rare
distils from every bough ;

The wind alone it is makes every sound. Shaking down crystals on
the leaves below.

For shame the sun will never show himself,

Who could not with his beams e'er melt me so;

My dripping locks,—they would become an elf. Who in a beaded coat
does gayly go.

MIST

Low-anchored cloud,
Newfoundland air,
Fountain-head and source of rivers.
Dew-cloth, dream-drapery.
And napkin spread by fays ;
Drifting meadow of the air.
Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,
And in whose fenny labyrinth
The bittern booms and heron wades ;
Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers,—
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields.

SMOKEⁱ

Light-winged Smoke, Icarian bird, Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight; Lark without song, and messenger of dawn. Circling above the hamlets as thy nest; Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts ; By night star-veiling, and by day Darkening the light and blotting out the sun; Go thou, my incense, upward from this hearth, And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

¹ This and the following poem appeared under the title of Orphics' in the Dial.

HAZE

Woof of the sun/ ethereal gauze, Woven of Nature's richest stuffs,
Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea. Last conquest of the eye ; Toil of
the day displayed, sun-dust, Aerial surf upon the shores of earth.
Ethereal estuary, frith of light, Breakers of air, billows of heat. Fine
summer spray on inland seas ; Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,
Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned, From heath or stubble rising without
song. Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

1 Wrongly printed ' fen' in Emerson's selection. 70

THE MOON

' Time wears her not; she doth his chariot guide; Mortality below her
orb is placed.'— Raleigh.

The full-orbed moon with unchanged ray-Mounts up the eastern sky,
Not doomed to these short nights for aye, But shining steadily.

She does not wane, but my fortune. Which her rays do not bless;

My wayward path declineth soon, But she shines not the less.

And if she faintly glimmers here

And paled is her light. Yet always in her proper sphere

She's mistress of the night.

THE VIREO

Upon the lofty elm-tree sprays The vireo rings the changes sweet,

During the trivial summer days,

Striving to lift our thoughts above the street.

THE POET'S DELAY

In vain I see the morning rise,

In vain observe the western blaze, -"

Who idly look to other skies,

Expecting life by other ways. 4c

Amidst such boundless wealth without,

I only still am poor within, The birds have sung their summer out.

But still my spring does not begin.

Jet

^%N

Shall I then wait the autumn wind, ^ C'

^j -^ Compelled to seek a milder day, "^ And leave no curious nest
behind, No woods still echoing to my lay ?

All things are current found On earthly ground, Spirits and elements
Have their descents.

Night and day, year on year, High and low, far and near, These are
our own aspects, These are our own regrets.

Ye gods of the shore, Who abide evermore, I see your far headland.
Stretching on either hand ;

74

I hear the sweet evening sounds From your undecaying grounds ;
Cheat me no more with time, Take me to your cHme.

NATURE'S CHILD

I AM the autumnal sun, With autumn gales my race is run ; When
will the hazel put forth its flowers, Or the grape ripen under my

bowers ? When will the harvest or the hunter's moon, Turn my
midnight into mid-noon ?

I am all sere and yellow,

And to my core mellow. The mast is dropping within my woods. The
winter is lurking within my moods, And the rustling of the withered
leaf Is the constant music of my grief

THE FALL OF THE LEAF¹

Thank God who seasons thus the year, And sometimes kindly slants
his rays ;

For in his winter he's most near

And plainest seen upon the shortest days.

Who gently tempers now his heats, And then his harsher cold, lest we
Should surfeit on the summer's sweets, Or pine upon the winter's
crudity.

¹ The first four of these stanzas (unnamed by Thoreau) were
published in the Boston Commonwealth in 1863, under the title of *
'The Soul's Season,' the remainder as 'The Fall of the Leaf.' There can
be little doubt that they are parts of one complete poem.

A sober mind will walk alone,

Apart from nature, if need be, And only its own seasons own ;

For nature leaving its humanity.

Sometimes a late autumnal thought Has crossed my mind in green
July,

And to its early freshness brought

Late ripened fruits, and an autumnal sky.

The evening of the year draws on,
The fields a later aspect wear; Since Summer's garishness is gone,
Some grains of night tincture the noontide air.
Behold ! the shadows of the trees Now circle wider 'bout their stem.
Like sentries that by slow degrees
Perform their rounds, gently protecting them.
And as the year doth decline,
The sun allows a scantier light; Behind each needle of the pine
There lurks a small auxiliar to the night.
I hear the cricket's slumbrous lay
Around, beneath me, and on high; It rocks the night, it soothes the
day,
And everywhere is Nature's lullaby.
But most he chirps beneath the sod.
When he has made his winter bed; His creak grown fainter but more
broad,
A film of autumn o'er the summer spread.
Small birds, in fleets migrating by, Now beat across some meadow's
bay.
And as they tack and veer on high,
With faint and hurried click beguile the way.
Far in the woods, these golden days.

Some leaf obeys its Maker's call; And through their hollow aisles it
plays

With delicate touch the prelude of the Fall.

Gently withdrawing from its stem.

It lightly lays itself along Where the same hand hath pillowed them.

Resigned to sleep upon the old year's throng.

The loneliest birch is brown and sere. The furthest pool is strewn
with leaves,

Which float upon their watery bier,

Where is no eye that sees, no heart that grieves.

The jay screams through the chestnut wood ;

The crisped and yellow leaves around Are hue and texture of my
mood—

And these rough burrs my heirlooms on the ground.

The threadbare trees, so poor and thin—

They are no wealthier than I ; But with as brave a core within

They rear their boughs to the October sky.

Poor knights they are which bravely wait

The charge of Winter's cavalry,

Keeping a simple Roman state,

Discumbered of their Persian luxury. F

SMOKE IN WINTER

The sluggish smoke curls up from some deep

dell, The stiffened air exploring in the dawn, And making slow
acquaintance with the day ; Delaying now upon its heavenward
course, In wreathed loiterings dallying with itself, With as uncertain
purpose and slow deed. As its half-wakened master by the hearth,
Whose mind, still slumbering, and sluggish

thoughts Have not yet swept into the onward current Of the new day
;—and now it streams afar. The while the chopper goes with step
direct. And mind intent to wield the early axe.

First in the dusky dawn he sends abroad

His early scout, his emissary, smoke.

The earHest, latest pilgrim from the roof.

To feel the frosty air, inform the day;

And while he crouches still beside the hearth,

Nor musters courage to unbar the door.

It has gone down the glen with the light wind.

And o'er the plain unfurled its venturous wreath.

Draped the tree-tops, loitered upon the hill,

And warmed the pinions of the early bird ;

And now, perchance, high in the crispy air.

Has caught sight of the day o'er the earth's edge,

And greets its master's eye at his low door,

As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky.

WINTER MEMORIES

Within the circuit of this plodding life There enter moments of an azure hue, Untarnished fair as is the violet Or anemone, when the spring strews them By some meandering rivulet, which make The best philosophy untrue that aims But to console man for his grievances. I have remembered when the winter came, High in my chamber in the frosty nights, When in the still light of the cheerful moon, On every twig and rail and jutting spout, The icy spears were adding to their length Against the arrows of the coming sun,— How in the shimmering noon of summer past

Some unrecorded beam slanted across

The upland pastures where the johnswort grew ;

Or heard, amid the verdure of my mind,

The bee's long smothered hum, on the blue flag

Loitering amidst the mead ; or busy rill.

Which now through all its course stands still and

dumb. Its own memorial,—purling at its play Along the slopes, and through the meadows next. Until its youthful sound was hushed at last In the staid current of the lowland stream ; Or seen the furrows shine but late upturned. And where the fieldfare followed in the rear, When all the fields around lay bound and hoar Beneath a thick integument of snow :— So by God's cheap economy made rich. To go upon my winter's task again.

STANZAS WRITTEN AT WALDEN

When Winter fringes every bough

With his fantastic wreath, And puts the seal of silence now

Upon the leaves beneath;

When every stream in its pent-house
Goes gurgling on its way, And in his gallery the mouse
Nibbleth the meadow hay ;
Methinks the summer still is nigh,
And lurketh underneath, As that same meadow-mouse doth lie
Snug in that last year's heath.
And if perchance the chickadee
Lisp a faint note anon, The snow is summer's canopy,
Which she herself put on.
Fair blossoms deck the cheerful trees,
And dazzling fruits depend ; The north wind sighs a summer breeze,
The nipping frosts to fend,
Bringing glad tidings unto me,
The while I stand all ear, Of a serene eternity,
Which need not winter fear.
Out on the silent pond straightway The restless ice doth crack,
And pond-sprites merry gambols play Amid the deafening rack.
Eager I hasten to the vale, As if I heard brave news,
How Nature held high festival. Which it were hard to lose.
I gambol with my neighbor ice, And sympathising quake.
As each new crack darts in a trice Across the gladsome lake.

One with the cricket in the ground, And fagot on the hearth,
Resounds the rare domestic sound Along the forest path.

THE THAW

I SAW the civil sun drying earth's tears, Her tears of joy that only
faster flowed.

Fain would I stretch me by the highway side To thaw and trickle with
the melting snow; That mingled, soul and body, with the tide, I too
may through the pores of nature flow.

A WINTER SCENE!

The rabbit leaps, The mouse out-creeps, The flag out-peeps

Beside the brook ; The ferret weeps, The marmot sleeps. The owlet
keeps

In his snug nook.

The apples thaw. The ravens caw, The squirrels gnaw The frozen
fruit.

^ These stanzas formed part of the original manuscript of the essay
on ' A Winter Walk,' but were excluded by Emerson. 90

A WINTER SCENE

To their retreat I track the feet Of mice that eat

The apple's root.

The snow-dust falls, The otter crawls, The partridge calls.

Far in the wood. The traveller dreams, The tree-ice gleams. The blue-
jay screams

In angry mood.

The willows droop, The alders stoop.

The pheasants group Beneath the snow.

The catkins green

Cast o'er the scene

A summer's sheen,

A genial glow.

THE CROW

Thou dusky spirit of the wood,

Bird of an ancient brood, Flitting thy lonely way,

A meteor in the summer's day, From wood to wood, from hill to hill.

Low over forest, field, and rill. What wouldst thou say ?

Why shouldst thou haunt the day ? What makes thy melancholy float
?

What bravery inspires thy throat, And bears thee up above the
clouds.

Over desponding human crowds, Which far below Lay thy haunts
low ?

TO A STRAY FOWL

Poor bird ! destined to lead thy life Far in the adventurous west,

And here to be debarred to-night From thy accustomed nest; Must
thou fall back upon old instinct now— Well-nigh extinct under man's
fickle care ? Did heaven bestow its quenchless inner light So long
ago, for thy small want to-night ? Why stand'st upon thy toes to crow
so late ? The moon is deaf to thy low feathered fate; Or dost thou

think so to possess the night, And people the drear dark with thy
brave sprite ? And now with anxious eye thou look'st about,

While the relentless shade draws on its veil, For some sure shelter
from approaching dews, And the insidious step of nightly foes. I fear
imprisonment has dulled thy wit, Or ingrained servitude
extinguished it— But no—dim memory of the days of yore, By
Brahmapootra and the Jumna's shore. Where thy proud race flew
swiftly o'er the heath, And sought its food the jungle's shade beneath,
Has taught thy wings to seek yon friendly trees. As erst by Indus'
bank and far Ganges.

MOUNTAINS

With frontier strength ye stand your ground,
With grand content ye circle round,
Tumultuous silence for all sound,
Ye distant nursery of rills,
Monadnock, and the Peterborough hills ;—
Firm argument that never stirs,
Outcircling the philosophers,—
Like some vast fleet
Sailing through rain and sleet,
Through winter's cold and summer's heat;
Still holding on upon your high emprise,
Until ye find a shore amid the skies ;
Not skulking close to land.

With cargo contraband ;

For they who sent a venture out by ye Have set the Sun to see Their honesty. Ships of the line, each one, Ye westward run, Convoying clouds, Which cluster in your shrouds, Always before the gale, Under a press of sail, With weight of metal all untold ;— I seem to feel ye in my firm seat here, Immeasurable depth of hold, And breadth of beam, and length of running gear.

Methinks ye take luxurious pleasure

In your novel western leisure ; G

POEMS OF NATURE

So cool your brows and freshly blue,

As Time had nought for ye to do;

For ye lie at your length,

An unappropriated strength.

Unhewn primeval timber

For knees so stiff, for masts so limber.

The stock of which new earths are made.

One day to be our western trade.

Fit for the stanchions of a world

Which through the seas of space is hurled.

While we enjoy a lingering ray, Ye still o'ertop the western day.
Reposing yonder on God's croft. Like solid stacks of hay. So bold a line as ne'er was writ On any page by human wit;

The forest glows as if

An enemy's camp-fires shone
Along the horizon,
Or the day's funeral pyre
Were lighted there;
Edged with silver and with gold,
The clouds hang o'er in damask fold.
And with fresh depth of amber light
The west is dight,
Where still a few rays slant,
That even Heaven seems extravagant.

Watatic Hill

Lies on the horizon's sill
Like a child's toy left overnight.
And other duds to left and right;
On the earth's edge, mountains and trees
Stand as they were on air graven.

100 POEMS OF NATURE

Or as the vessels in a haven
Await the morning breeze.
I fancy even
Through your defiles windeth the way to heaven ;

And yonder still, in spite of history's page,

Linger the golden and the silver age ;

Upon the laboring gale

The news of future centuries is brought.

And of new dynasties of thought,

From your remotest vale.

But special I remember thee, Wachusett, who like me Standest alone
without society. Thy far blue eye, A remnant of the sky. Seen through
the clearing of the gorge.

MOUNTAINS loi

Or from the windows of the forge, Doth leaven all it passes by.
Nothing is true, But stands 'tween me and you. Thou western
pioneer. Who know'st not shame nor fear. By venturous spirit driven
Under the eaves of heaven, And canst expand thee there.

And breathe enough of air.

Even beyond the West

Thou migratest

Into unclouded tracts,

Without a pilgrim's axe.

Cleaving thy road on high

With thy well-tempered brow.

And mak'st thyself a clearing in the sky.

Upholding heaven, holding down earth,

Thy pastime from thy birth,
Not steadied by the one, nor leaning on the
other;— May I approve myself thy worthy brother!

I

THE RESPECTABLE FOLKS

The respectable folks,—
Where dwell they ?
They whisper in the oaks,
And they sigh in the hay ;
Summer and winter, night and day.
Out on the meadow, there dwell they.
They never die.
Nor snivel, nor cry.
Nor ask our pity
With a wet eye,
A sound estate they ever mend,
To every asker readily lend ;
To the ocean wealth,
To the meadow health,
To Time his length,
To the rocks strength,

To the stars light,
To the weary night,
To the busy day.
To the idle play ;
And so their good cheer never ends.
For all are their debtors, and all their friends.

/

POVERTY

A FRAGMENT

If I am poor, It is that I am proud; If God has made me naked and a boor, He did not think it fit his work to shroud.

The poor man comes direct from heaven to earth.

As stars drop down the sky, and tropic beams ; The rich receives in our gross air his birth.

As from low suns are slanted golden gleams.

Yon sun is naked, bare of satellite,

Unless our earth and moon that office hold ;

Though his perpetual day feareth no night, And his perennial summer dreads no cold.

Mankind may delve, but cannot my wealth spend;

If I no partial wealth appropriate, No armed ships unto the Indies send,

None robs me of my Orient estate.

CONSCIENCE

Conscience is instinct bred in the house,

Feeling and Thinking propagate the sin

By an unnatural breeding in and in.

I say, Turn it out doors,

Into the moors.

I love a life whose plot is simple,

And does not thicken with every pimple,

A soul so sound no sickly conscience binds it.

That makes the universe no worse than't finds it.

I love an earnest soul.

Whose mighty joy and sorrow

Are not drowned in a bowl,

And brought to life to-morrow ;

That lives one tragedy,

And not seventy;

A conscience worth keeping,

Laughing not weeping;

A conscience wise and steady,

And for ever ready ;

Not changing with events,
Dealing in compliments;
A conscience exercised about
Large things, where one may doubt.
I love a soul not all of wood,
Predestinated to be good,
But true to the backbone
Unto itself alone.
And false to none ;
Born to its own affairs,
Its own joys and own cares ;
By whom the work which God begun
Is finished, and not undone ;
Taken up where he left off,
Whether to worship or to scoff;
If not good, why then evil.
If not good god, good devil.
Goodness !—you hypocrite, come out of that.
Live your life, do your work, then take your hat.
I have no patience towards
Such conscientious cowards.

Give me simple laboring folk.

Who love their work.

Whose virtue is a song

To cheer God along.

PILGRIMS

* Have you not seen

In ancient times Pilgrims pass by

Toward other climes ? With shining faces,

Youthful and strong, Mounting this hill

With speech and with song ?

* Ah, my good sir,

I know not those ways : Little my knowledge, Tho' many my days.

When I have slumbered,

I have heard sounds As of travellers passing

These my grounds:

' 'Twas a sweet music

Wafted them by, I could not tell

If afar off or nigh. Unless I dreamed it,

This was of yore : I never told it

To mortal before;

' Never remembered But in my dreams, What to me waking A miracle seems.'

THE DEPARTURE

In this roadstead I have ridden, In this covert I have hidden; Friendly thoughts were cliffs to me, And I hid beneath their lea.

This true people took the stranger. And warm-hearted housed the ranger; They received their roving guest, ^•

And have fed him with the best;

Whatsoe'er the land afforded To the stranger's wish accorded ;

Shook the olive, stripped the vine, And expressed the strengthening wine.

And by night they did spread o'er him What by day they spread before him ;— That good-will which was repast Was his covering at last.

The stranger moored him to their pier Without anxiety or fear ; By day he walked the sloping land, By night the gentle heavens he scanned.

When first his barque stood inland

To the coast of that far Finland,

Sweet-watered brooks came tumbling to the shore

The weary mariner to restore.

H

And still he stayed from day to day, If he their kindness might repay ;

But more and more The sullen waves came rolling toward the shore.

And still the more the stranger waited,

The less his argosy was freighted, And still the more he stayed. The
less his debt was paid.

So he unfurled his shrouded mast To receive the fragrant blast; And
that same refreshing gale Which had wooed him to remain

Again and again, It was that filled his sail

And drove him to the main.

THE DEPARTURE

All day the low-hung clouds

Dropt tears into the sea ; And the wind amid the shrouds Sighed
plaintively.

INDEPENDENCE[^]

My life more civil is and free Than any civil polity.

Ye princes, keep your realms And circumscribM power,

Not wide as are my dreams. Nor rich as is this hour.

What can ye give which I have not ? What can ye take which I have
got ?

Can ye defend the dangerless ?

Can ye inherit nakedness ?

¹ First printed in full in the Boston Commonwealth, October 30,
1863. The last fourteen lines had appeared in the Dial under the
title of * The Black Knight,' and are so reprinted in the Riverside

Edition.

To all true wants Time's ear is deaf, Penurious States lend no relief

Out of their pelf: But a free soul—thank God—

Can help itself

Be sure your fate Doth keep apart its state,— Not linked with any
band, Even the noblest in the land,—

In tented fields with cloth of gold

No place doth hold, But is more chivalrous than they are,

And sigheth for a nobler war;

A finer strain its trumpet rings,

A brighter gleam its armor flings.

uS POEMS OF NATURE

The life that I aspire to live, No man proposeth me ;

No trade upon the street ^ Wears its emblazonry.

^ In the Dial this line runs, * Only the promise of my heart.

DING DONGi

When the world grows old by the chimney-side, Then forth to the
youngling nooks I glide, Where over the water and over the land The
bells are booming on either hand.

Now up they go ding, then down again dong, And awhile they ring to
the same old song, For the metal goes round at a single bound, A-
cutting the fields with its measured sound, While the tired tongue
falls with a lengthened

boom As solemn and loud as the crack of doom.

^ A copy of this hitherto unpublished poem has been kindly furnished by Miss A. J. Ward.

Then changed is their measure to tone upon tone, And seldom it is that one sound comes alone, For they ring out their peals in a mingled throng. And the breezes waft the loud ding-dong along.

When the echo hath reached me in this lone vale, I am straightway a hero in coat of mail, I tug at my belt and I march on my post, And feel myself more than a match for a host.

MY PRAYER

Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf Than that I may not disappoint myself; That in my action I may soar as high As I can now discern with this clear eye.

And next in value, which thy kindness lends, That I may greatly disappoint my friends, Howe'er they think or hope that it may be, They may not dream how thou 'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith, And my life practise more than my tongue saith;

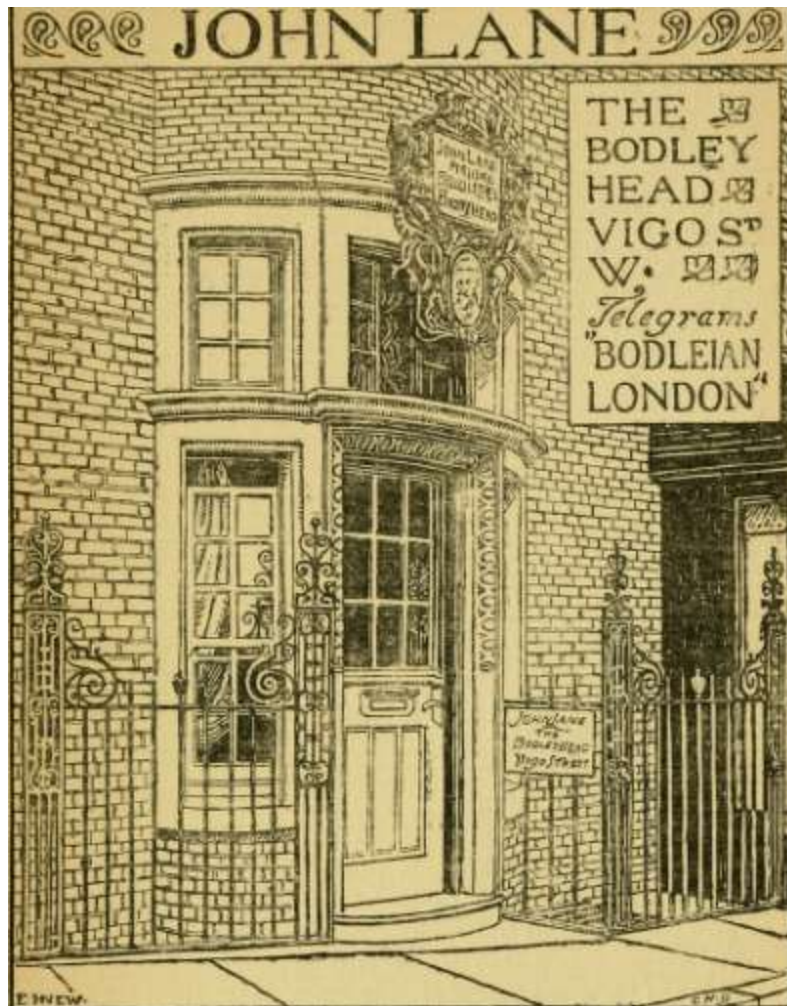
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That my low conduct may not show,

Nor my relenting lines, That I thy purpose did not know.

Or overrated thy designs.

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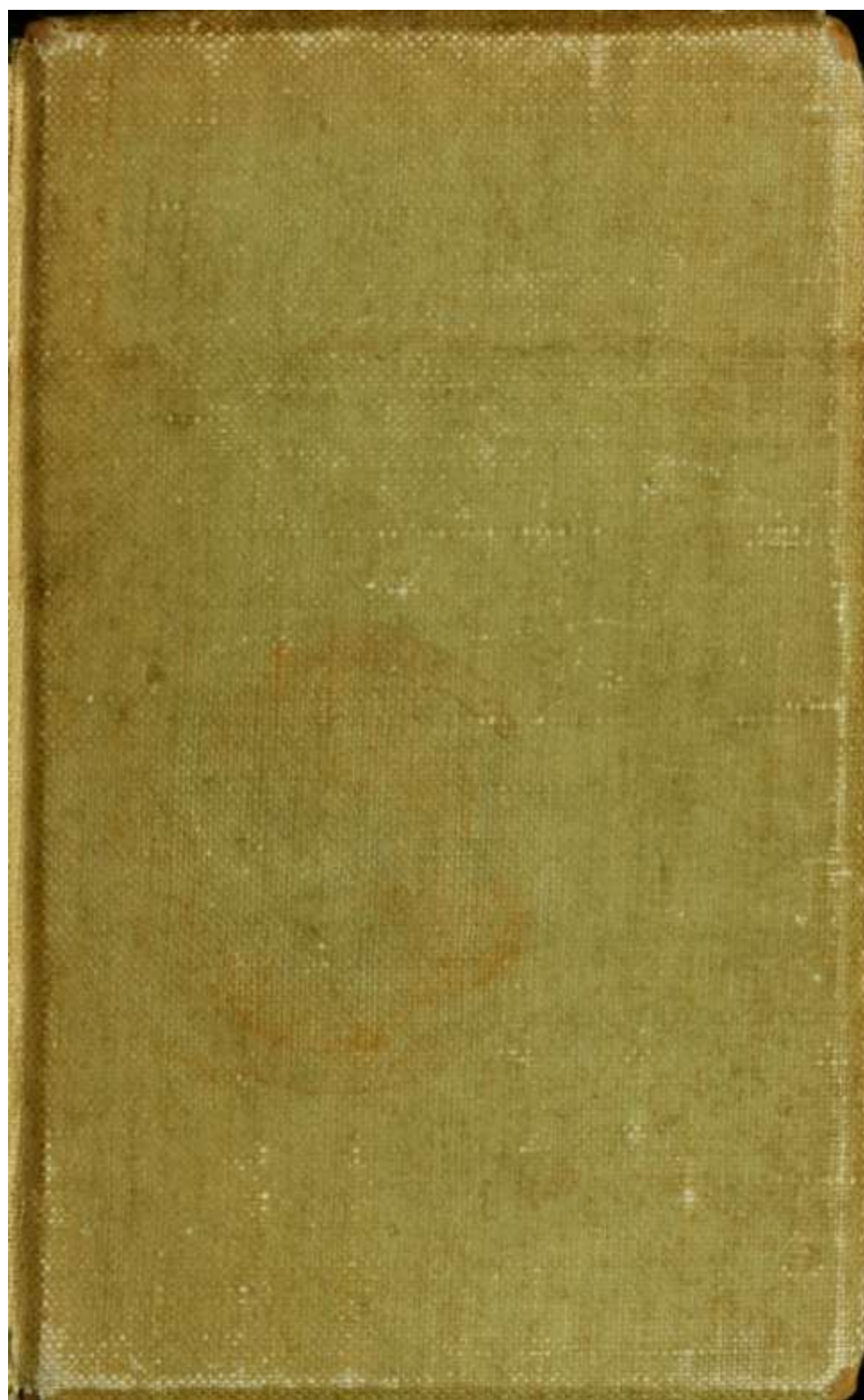
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18

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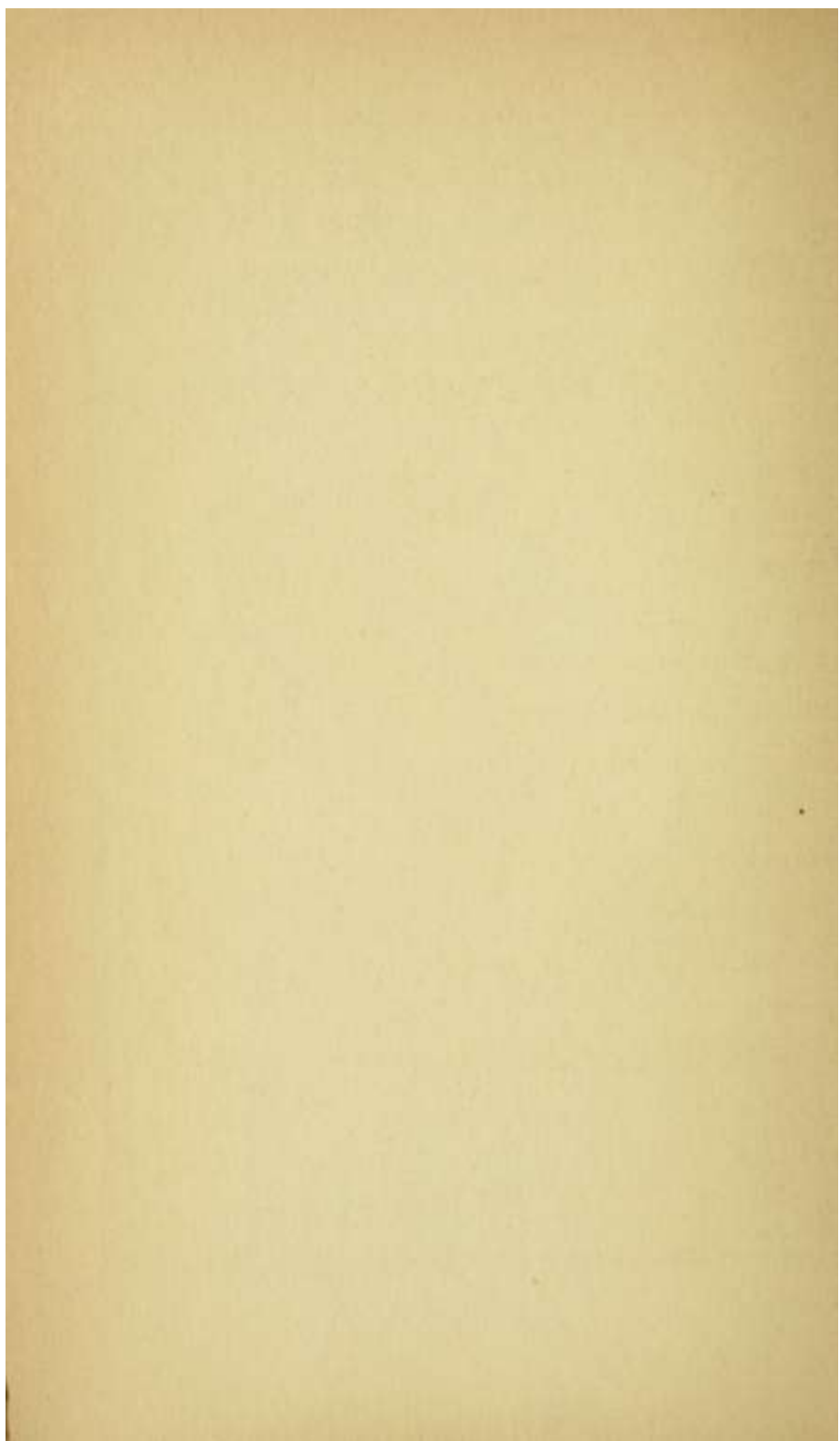
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	xi
<u>NATURE</u>	I
INSPIRATION	3
SIC VITA	10
THE FISHER'S BOY	14
THE ATLANTIDES	16
THE AURORA OF GUIDO	19
SYMPATHY	21
FRIENDSHIP	26
TRUE KINDNESS	31
TO THE MAIDEN IN THE EAST	32
FREE LOVE	37
RUMOURS FROM AN ÆOLIAN HARP	39
LINES	41
STANZAS	43

